

Two Dollars and Fifty Cents in advance. Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if payment be deferred three months. All papers going out of the county to be paid for in advance.

Advertising Rates.
FOR ONE WEEK.
One inch.....\$ 2.00
Two inches.....\$ 3.00
Three inches.....\$ 4.00
Four inches.....\$ 5.00
Five inches.....\$ 6.00

FOR TWO WEEKS.
One inch.....\$ 3.50
Two inches.....\$ 5.00
Three inches.....\$ 6.50
Four inches.....\$ 8.00
Five inches.....\$ 9.50

FOR THREE WEEKS.
One inch.....\$ 5.00
Two inches.....\$ 7.00
Three inches.....\$ 9.00
Four inches.....\$ 11.00
Five inches.....\$ 13.00

FOR FOUR WEEKS.
One inch.....\$ 6.50
Two inches.....\$ 9.00
Three inches.....\$ 11.50
Four inches.....\$ 14.00
Five inches.....\$ 16.50

FOR FIVE WEEKS.
One inch.....\$ 8.00
Two inches.....\$ 11.00
Three inches.....\$ 14.00
Four inches.....\$ 17.00
Five inches.....\$ 20.00

FOR SIX WEEKS.
One inch.....\$ 9.50
Two inches.....\$ 13.00
Three inches.....\$ 16.50
Four inches.....\$ 20.00
Five inches.....\$ 23.50

FOR SEVEN WEEKS.
One inch.....\$ 11.00
Two inches.....\$ 15.00
Three inches.....\$ 19.00
Four inches.....\$ 23.00
Five inches.....\$ 27.00

FOR EIGHT WEEKS.
One inch.....\$ 12.50
Two inches.....\$ 17.00
Three inches.....\$ 21.50
Four inches.....\$ 26.00
Five inches.....\$ 30.50

FOR NINE WEEKS.
One inch.....\$ 14.00
Two inches.....\$ 19.00
Three inches.....\$ 24.00
Four inches.....\$ 29.00
Five inches.....\$ 34.00

FOR TEN WEEKS.
One inch.....\$ 15.50
Two inches.....\$ 21.00
Three inches.....\$ 26.50
Four inches.....\$ 32.00
Five inches.....\$ 37.50

FOR ELEVEN WEEKS.
One inch.....\$ 17.00
Two inches.....\$ 23.00
Three inches.....\$ 29.00
Four inches.....\$ 35.00
Five inches.....\$ 41.00

FOR TWELVE WEEKS.
One inch.....\$ 18.50
Two inches.....\$ 25.00
Three inches.....\$ 31.50
Four inches.....\$ 38.00
Five inches.....\$ 44.50

FOR THIRTEEN WEEKS.
One inch.....\$ 20.00
Two inches.....\$ 27.00
Three inches.....\$ 34.00
Four inches.....\$ 41.00
Five inches.....\$ 48.00

FOR FOURTEEN WEEKS.
One inch.....\$ 21.50
Two inches.....\$ 29.00
Three inches.....\$ 36.50
Four inches.....\$ 44.00
Five inches.....\$ 51.50

FOR FIFTEEN WEEKS.
One inch.....\$ 23.00
Two inches.....\$ 31.00
Three inches.....\$ 39.00
Four inches.....\$ 47.00
Five inches.....\$ 55.00

FOR SIXTEEN WEEKS.
One inch.....\$ 24.50
Two inches.....\$ 33.00
Three inches.....\$ 41.50
Four inches.....\$ 50.00
Five inches.....\$ 58.50

FOR SEVENTEEN WEEKS.
One inch.....\$ 26.00
Two inches.....\$ 35.00
Three inches.....\$ 44.00
Four inches.....\$ 53.00
Five inches.....\$ 62.00

FOR EIGHTEEN WEEKS.
One inch.....\$ 27.50
Two inches.....\$ 37.00
Three inches.....\$ 46.50
Four inches.....\$ 56.00
Five inches.....\$ 65.50

FOR NINETEEN WEEKS.
One inch.....\$ 29.00
Two inches.....\$ 39.00
Three inches.....\$ 49.00
Four inches.....\$ 59.00
Five inches.....\$ 69.00

FOR TWENTY WEEKS.
One inch.....\$ 30.50
Two inches.....\$ 41.00
Three inches.....\$ 51.50
Four inches.....\$ 62.00
Five inches.....\$ 72.50

FOR TWENTY-ONE WEEKS.
One inch.....\$ 32.00
Two inches.....\$ 43.00
Three inches.....\$ 54.00
Four inches.....\$ 65.00
Five inches.....\$ 76.00

FOR TWENTY-TWO WEEKS.
One inch.....\$ 33.50
Two inches.....\$ 45.00
Three inches.....\$ 56.50
Four inches.....\$ 68.00
Five inches.....\$ 79.50

FOR TWENTY-THREE WEEKS.
One inch.....\$ 35.00
Two inches.....\$ 47.00
Three inches.....\$ 59.00
Four inches.....\$ 71.00
Five inches.....\$ 83.00

FOR TWENTY-FOUR WEEKS.
One inch.....\$ 36.50
Two inches.....\$ 49.00
Three inches.....\$ 61.50
Four inches.....\$ 74.00
Five inches.....\$ 86.50

FOR TWENTY-FIVE WEEKS.
One inch.....\$ 38.00
Two inches.....\$ 51.00
Three inches.....\$ 64.00
Four inches.....\$ 77.00
Five inches.....\$ 90.00

FOR TWENTY-SIX WEEKS.
One inch.....\$ 39.50
Two inches.....\$ 53.00
Three inches.....\$ 67.00
Four inches.....\$ 80.00
Five inches.....\$ 93.50

FOR TWENTY-SEVEN WEEKS.
One inch.....\$ 41.00
Two inches.....\$ 55.00
Three inches.....\$ 70.00
Four inches.....\$ 83.00
Five inches.....\$ 97.00

FOR TWENTY-EIGHT WEEKS.
One inch.....\$ 42.50
Two inches.....\$ 57.00
Three inches.....\$ 73.00
Four inches.....\$ 86.00
Five inches.....\$ 100.00

THE FAYETTEVILLE OBSERVER.

N. O. WALLACE.

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's."

[Proprietor.]

Established December 15th, 1850.

FAYETTEVILLE, TENNESSEE: THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1878.

VOL. XXV—NO. 35.

Unraveling a Cipher.

A Detective's Story About a Personal Advertisement.

"Ozil—Nevy we hqzfwz mrlay z g 127 Urie hgyey."

There it was, in italics, half way down the "personal" column of the Herald, conspicuous only for its singular and most aggravating combination of letters and figures, the sole clue to the whereabouts of the gem I had been after over a week, scarcely resting, eating or sleeping in my anxiety to secure the reward offered in a heavy burglary case—and some thing else.

That "something else." Oh, my heart sank within me as I flung aside that enigmatical puzzle before me, and leaning back in my chair gave myself up to the gloomy reveries of the past. Edna Dayton—how I loved her! How fair and beautiful as a summer idyl I had been the week in which I had met her, had loved her, and had been told that my love was returned! How well I remember the bitter parting—a hopeless one, it seemed to me—when I learned my fate from her father's lips, and passed down the brownstone steps of the Dayton mansion, wondering if the inclination of moneyed men toward stone residences was not caused by the existence of a similar hard material in that part of the human anatomy known as the heart.

I was a poor man, he said, and the profession of a detective was a precarious one. His daughter loved me; he could not deny that—but she was his only child, and her wealth and position demanded a match with her social equal. He would not break her heart by absolutely refusing to sanction our engagement; but if within a year I could secure a fortune of \$25,000 and a lucrative business, and Edna was of the same mind—well, he would consider it.

Twenty five thousand dollars! I grew sick at the thought of the condition imposed, upon which I was to purchase my future happiness. Receiving only a meagre salary and utterly unknown, where was I to raise this amount? And what business capacity had I, the son of parents who had given me every luxury, and neglected a practical education, until a crash came that left us homeless and in penury?

Day and night I brooded over my sorrows, until one day I was aroused into renewed life by the reception of a formal but courteous note from Mr. Dayton, requesting my immediate attendance at the mansion.

My feet winged as I hastened to the home of my beloved Edna. What did it mean? Had he relented? Was Edna sick, or did business await me at the pleasure of my hard-hearted censor? I was ushered into the library, where I found the old gentleman in an intense state of excitement pacing the floor, the window broken in, paper and boxes scattered about the apartment, and a safe in the corner broken open.

I stared at him in amazement. "You seem agitated, Mr. Dayton," I ventured to suggest. "Agitated! agitated, sir! I am wild. Late last night or early this morning, burglars entered this apartment by means of yonder window and broke open the safe. When I came down this morning I found affairs as they are now, and nearly \$100,000 in money, bonds and jewelry gone."

I stared mutely. The immensity of the robbery petrified me. "No," he thundered coming to a full stop. "I have no confidence in a police force which fails to protect a house from such an audacious robbery and expects half of the booty for its return. Here is the room, and yonder is a list of the stolen property. I believe you are honest, and I leave the entire affair in your hands. Call on me for whatever money you require in an attempt to recover the property or detect the thieves. If you succeed in a month I will pay you thirty thousand dollars. If you fail I will pay your expenses for the month and place the case in other hands. Are you satisfied?"

I gaped spasmodically. Thirty thousand dollars! A fortune—more than the price of my happiness! And then the pride of my profession came to my aid, and I told him that I should succeed. I examined the apartment. The burglary had been effected very simply, apparently. Edward, the footman—a tall, lank specimen of humanity—had heard a noise in the night in the library, but had paid no attention to it, as Mr. Dayton was in the habit of writing very late, and he thought it was his employer.

What puzzled me most was the means of entrance and egress adopted by the burglar of burglars. The library was fully fifteen feet from the ground, had a bay window, and, except the broken pane of glass, there was not the slightest sign to show how the window had been gained. A ladder would have done it, but no marks of a ladder, no signs of footsteps, exhibited themselves in the damp ground, wet from recent rains. I was sorely puzzled. I examined the servants one by one, but could find no clue to justify the slightest suspicion of complicity in the affair on their part. The work had evidently been done by scientific burglars, and they had worked at their leisure. I inquired into the antecedents of Edward, the footman; but Mr. Dayton averred that he would allow no suspicion to rest on so faithful a servant to the family. I resolved to inquire more about him, however; but I found nothing against the man, and temporarily dismissed him from my mind as having no connection with the case.

"You heard no noise, on the night of robbery?" I inquired of Mr. Dayton. "None. I slept unusually sound last night."

I went away thoughtfully, for I had found in the library an empty bottle which, from the scent, I knew had contained chloroform, and I had noticed the marks of muddy boots leading from a parlor while around the window none were to be seen. The glass, too, had been broken by a quick blow, not cut out. Altogether, it was a most mysterious piece of business.

I watched old dives frequented by the cracksmen of the city, and worked like a beaver, I could not obtain a clue to the perpetrators of the daring burglary, and after three days of unremitting toil, I was considering if it would not be as well to call in professional assistance, when the advertisement in the Herald attracted my attention. Instinctively I divined some connection with the "crock" business, and whether it referred to my case or not, I resolved to ascertain its meaning.

I went down to the Herald office that morning, and, introducing myself, attempted to obtain some description of the person who had handed in the advertisement. The clerk stated that it had been received by mail, in a letter including the amount required for its insertion in the paper. "Could I see the original copy?" He would see; and a messenger was sent to the composing room. Luckily the copy had been preserved. It was written in a disguised hand on a little scrap of paper. I asked leave to retain it, and permission being granted to me, I returned to my room at once.

I pored over the cipher for a long time, and, discouraged at my inability to make but one word of it, and I read, "United States bonds, \$10,000," and other memoranda, indicating that it had been a loose wrapper for valuable papers.

Then I knew that the advertisement bore an important relation to the robbery.

And so until the day upon which the story opens I was unable to make head or tail of the secret enigma.

So worried was I that I fell asleep with my head upon my desk, and I did not awaken until noon. It was wonderful how a brief repose will clear the mind. I took up the paper with renewed energy, and a bright idea flashed over me.

Simple as it was, I had no thought of it before. The entire message was written on the substitution of letters, based on the reversal of the alphabet. Instead of a, z, the last one, was substituted; instead of b, y was used; the alphabet reversed was the key to the solution of the puzzle.

I gave utterance to a shout of joy, for, following out the theory, it read:

"Larry, meet me Saturday night at 127 Fire street. Ned and Edna or Edward was the name of Dayton's footman. I began to see a very large mice. But Fire street—there was no such thoroughfare in the city, and I was 'flooded' again.

Gradually, however, the thought occurred to me on the basis of reversals and opposites adopted by the sender of the message, why should not 'fire' mean 'water' its direct reverse?

I dashed down the stairs, and, hailing a cab (for I did not forget that it was Saturday, and that evening was the appointed time for the meeting of the two burglars, if such they were), I soon had reached Water street.

Vacant! Number 127 was an empty lot! I paused, disappointed, and dismissed the vehicle, again having recourse to the puzzling enigma. So near the solution, and yet doomed to be balked at last, and—

A sudden inspiration of renewed energy, and I had forged the last link in the chain of evidence! There had been reversal in the order of numbers from one to ten, as in the letters of the alphabet, and 127 meant 1084.

I looked at my watch; three o'clock. I went to the nearest local telegraph office, and sent the following dispatch to Chief of Police:

"Send to this office three efficient men in citizen's clothes." I signed my name, left a cigar, and awaited the arrival of evening and my companion officers.

It was dark when we reached the place for the meeting appointed by the two men. It was a vile groggery, kept by a woman, and a resort for the very lowest class of ruffians. I had put on a felt hat and a pair of false whiskers, and I entered the bar room, having first placed my men in advantageous positions on the outside.

Within half an hour there entered an old woman, veiled, bearing some bulky object under her cloak. She made a sign to the woman behind the bar, and went into the next room. I caught sight of her feet as she passed through the door; they were in canvas not in shoes, but in men's boots. I went quickly to the bar, and made a sign to the woman.

"Is Larry in there?" I inquired in a loud voice, pointing to the other apartment.

Choice Poetry.

MILKING-TIME.

"I tell you, Kate, that Lovejoy cow Is worth her weight in gold; She gives a good eight quarts of milk, And isn't five years old."

"I see young White a-comin' now! He wants her, I know that. Be careful, girl, you're spillin' it! An' save some for the cat."

"Good evenin', Richard, step right in!" "I guess I couldn't, sir. I've just come down—" "I know it, Dick. You've took a shine to her."

"She's kind and gentle as a lamb; Joe's where I go she follows; An' though it's cheap, I'll let her go; She's yours for thirty dollars."

"You'll know her clear across the farm, By them two milk-white stars; You needn't drive her home at night, But just let her down the bars."

"Then, when you're owned her, say a month, And learn her, as it were, I'll bet—why what's the matter, Dick?" "Taint her I want—it's her!"

"What, not the girl? Well I'll be blessed! There, Kate, don't drop that pan, You've took me mighty black, But then a man's a man."

"She's yours, my boy, but one word more, Kate's gentle as a dove; She'll follow you the whole world round, For nothin' else but love."

"But never try to drive the lass; Her nature's like her man's, I've alius found it worked the best, To just let 'em down the bars."

"I Did Steal that Sheep."

A writer in the *Baptist Weekly* tells a story of a circumstance which occurred at Oswego, and which illustrated the practical shrewdness of an old minister named Amasa Brown.

A member of the church charged another with stealing a sheep. The culprit denied the charge. Both were men of influence. The church was divided. The council was called, and Mr. Brown there. There were no witnesses except as to character. It was the word of one man against another. One was a slanderer, or the other a thief. Elder Brown suggested most extraordinary measures to elicit the facts in the case. He called the two men to the rostrum before the pulpit, and directed the man who made the charge to engage in prayer—and requested the council and audience to look him in the face while praying. He made an earnest prayer. He appealed to the Lord as one who knew the charge was true. Then the other was called on to follow. He made a regular prayer for the church, the pastor, etc., and then said: "As touching this matter of the sheep, O Lord—hum-as-to touching—touching this—ah! when he sprang to his feet, and exclaimed, Brethren, I cannot pray. *I did steal that sheep!* So the matter was settled.

The formidable difficulties which loomed up before him, and the many snares which beset his feet when Mark Twain endeavored to collect a claim for furnishing a barrel of beef to the army, although purely imaginative and highly ludicrous, are pretty faithfully photographed by positive facts in the case of Mr. Birkett of Oregon.

This gentleman had a claim which he had become weary of conveying from one Department to another; getting it inspected by this officer and countersigned by that assistant, and submitting it to divers chief clerks until he finally despaired of ever collecting it, although it was perfectly valid and straight as a yard-stick. He at last was approached by an individual who claimed that he represented a certain clerk in the Treasury Department, and that, if \$2,000 were paid to this clerk, the claim would get his money in short order. Mr. Birkett repelled the proposition, even when the representative reduced the amount to \$1,000, and it is to be hoped that the case, which is said to be only one of many such, will be thoroughly investigated.

The defendant, having proved guilty of the offense of calling the complainant opprobrious names, as "thief," "robber," &c., is duly fined. He pays his fine and asks the judge:

"Your honor, there is a law, I understand, against calling an honest man a thief; does the law for bid to call a thief an honest man?" "Of course not," replied his honor.

"Then, sir," said the defendant, turning to his prosecutor, with a triumphant air, "you are the most honest man I have ever met."

Sips of Fun.

A Keokuk man has been married twice, and is now serving his third term.

And Ananias stood forth. This is said to have been so that modern liars could stand, first, second and third.

A Texas man shot his opponent in a duel and is now writing a poem about it. It looks as if the wrong man was shot.

No matter what the courts decide, the driven well was invented by our affectionate old friend, the mosquito.

What a blow to a boy's arithmetic when he first discovers that it takes the contents of five quart bottles to make a gallon.

The Picanune believes that doctors may differ as to the nature of a disease, and yet agree as to the price of a visit.

A western lawyer included in his bill against his client: "To waking up in the night and thinking about your case, \$5."

In the fall the robin's piping O'er the meadows came to float, In the fall each average young man Gets a new light overcoat— If he can.

The man who is not afraid of war or yellow fever, is generally afraid to take out a paper of tobacco in the presence of a crowd.

Thirty days hath September, if we the almanac remember. Then comes October, brown and sere, the month we chill and fever fear.

A man who can bend his shins against a rocking-chair and smile at the darkness which made it possible, is on the highway to glory.

A historian says butter has been handed down from the days of Hippocrates. This probably accounts for the smell of some of it nowadays.

A country exchange in blowing its own excellence says the "kitchen and household are not forgot." Oh no, of course not; you recollect them three times a day.

They are talking of abolishing funerals in Ohio. Not that people will cease to die; but the funeral is expensive and the medical colleges get the corpses anyhow.

Uncertainty is worse than assured calamity. Hence we always feel bad when we see a boy whirling a sling with a three-cornered stone in it.

A Georgia railroad is to be sold in a few days, for cash. How lucky! We were just casting about for a wedding present for a friend of ours.

"What straightens are the most perilous?" asked the Sunday school Superintendent, and a little boy spoke up promptly, "Whiskey straightens!" And the boy was right.

A Michigan farmer writes to the faculty of Yale: "What are your terms this year? And does it cost anything extra if my son wants to learn to read and write as well as a row boat?"

A Boston young man married against the wishes of his parents, and in telling his friend how to break the news to them, said: "Tell them first that I'm dead and gently work up to the climax."

In Northampton they are laughing at a well known young man because he recently said when bantered about his affection for a lady whose heart is another's, "Can't I admire her as a work of art?"

They were expressing surprise at the success of a politician who had been everything. "Oh, no wonder he gets rich," said a wise observer; "he has sold every one that bought him and saved the money."

Woman consumes thirty-six buttons on her single pair of old gloves, whereas man buttons his suspenders with a shingle-nail. And yet folks will ask: "Buttons, buttons, who's got the button?"

Communication.

Paris Letter.

Through the "Figaro" Office.

From our Regular Correspondent.

PARIS, Oct. 10th, 1878.

I had never, so far as I know, seen the *abonne* or subscriber in the flesh, and under gregarious conditions; so having posted some letters—a post-office letter box and a telegraph office are among the facilities offered to the public in the *Salle des Depesches* of the "Figaro"—I entered the offices of the journal itself, and asked to be allowed to have a peep at some *abonne*'s if there happened to be any on the premises. There were plenty. A kind of gentleman usher of mature age, who looked so grave and reverend that he might have been Gil Blas' father—who, you will remember, became an *escudero* in his declining years, his wife adopting the vocation of a dune—conducted me up a large and softly carpeted vestibule, and then into a spacious ante-chamber, the walls hung with antique tapestry, Venetian mirrors, and trophies of antique weapons and plentifully furnished with fanteils and divans. The prevailing style of the decorations was Hispano-Moresque; and this indeed is the key-note of the architecture and embellishments of the *Figaro* offices, the facade of which looking on the Rue Drouot, is adorned by a bronze statue of the Immortal Barber himself, looking as elegantly impudent and as amusingly knavish as he does in the finest French comedy and the finest Italian opera of which the latter years of the wicked, worn-out 18th century can boast.

The sculptor of this bronze effigy of the tonsor of the Plaza San Tomas gained the prize in an animated competition among some of the first plastic artists in France, and terra-cotta models of the *Figaros* which did not win the prize—albeit the figures are of rare merit—are displayed on brackets in the ante-chamber. The polite gentleman who was my cicerone next led me to a gallery, or *loggia*, running round the quadrangular covered court yard, answering precisely to the *patio* of a house at Seville; only in the centre instead of a fountain there was a monumental bust in marble of Beaumarchais, and round three of the sides there were handsomely carved oaken screens, pierced with pigeon-holes, through which money and papers were being continually passed. I could look down on a row of spruce clerks sitting behind the usual big ledgers, while on the other side of the screens there was a flock of all sorts and conditions of people busily engaged in paying cash and receiving documents. "Ah!" I thought, "these are the advertisers. An established race. Blessed be the advertisers!" Not at all. I was quite in error. The Hispano-Moresque *patio* was the Bureau of subscribers of the *Figaro*, and the multitude on whom I was looking down were the *abonne*'s—the quarterly, half yearly or annual subscribers to the most popular journal in France. The majority of American journals published the terms on which they can be subscribed for, and an American resident, say in Italy or the interior of France, usually subscribes for some American paper or another of course. We have all heard in America of the "Subscriber from the First"—and pretty sure he gives himself sometimes in his correspondence on the strength of his seniority in subscription. He is the twin brother of the "constant reader," and I am inclined to think that he is at least the cousin-german of "paterfamilias," that he knows the real name of "Vindex," and that he most probably has a bowing acquaintance with the "Oldest Inhabitant." But there is no

mystery about the French *abonne*. He is a palpable entity—frequently with spectacles and umbrella. Journals of different shades of opinion present equally of course, varied aspects of the *abonne*, from the clean-shaven, sleek-faced cable-clad gentleman who subscribes to the "Univers" to the stout bourgeois in the white vail-coat who has taken in the "Constitutionnel" ever since the year 1845, and the elderly and austere personage with the ribbon of the legion and a tortoise-shell snuff-box who pins his faith to the "Journal des Debats," and thinks M. John Lemoine the greatest statesman in France. Then there is the Republican advocate with the closely trimmed black whiskers who swears by the "Republique Francaise," the retired major of dragoons, with his fierce gray moustaches and high black cravat, or the ex-Prefect, under the Second Empire, of the Department of the Haute-Guyenne or the Brie Interieure—rather a seedy and trade fallen ex-official just now who would sooner give up his *demisee* and *petit verre* after dinner than abandon his *abonnement* to the "Pays" of a subscriber to the "Marseillaise." I cannot form any very definite idea, but I vaguely imagine him to be a mild personage with dove colored hair and whiskers, who wears mittens when it is cold and goloshes when it rains. It is usually your mild and meek people who are most pleased with the ferocious in journalism. Nevertheless, although the French newspaper subscriber map differ in particulars from his brother, he is identical with him in general. He is an *abonne* first and a citizen afterwards. He has a fearful temper. There is no end to his complaints. He will not be trifled with, mind that. He knows his rights, and insists on having them. Let there not be the slightest mistake about that. He may be arrogant, exigent and capricious; but it is worth while, on the proprietor's part, to conciliate and defer to him, since the *abonne* is the very backbone and mainstay to the circulation of a French newspaper. Sometimes when he takes offense he is implacable. Then he becomes a *des abonne*, and there is waiting for him as for a lamb that has strayed from the fold.

GIVEN AWAY!

A Book to Every Subscriber!

The Home Guide.

A Book by 600 Ladies!

Is the title of a volume of 160 pages, bound in cloth, containing about 1,000 practical receipts and hints, on Cookery, Household, Toilet, Sick Room, etc. It contains more information than the \$1.50 and \$2.00 cook books, besides possessing the important advantage of being *Practical Experiences of Practical "Home" Keepers*. These select, original and practical contributions from so many ladies, have never before appeared in book form. Good judges have predicted its sale to be hundreds of thousands. Ten thousand copies were ordered before one copy came from the bindery. We have exclusive control of the book in this locality, and it can be obtained only through this office.

A COPY OF THIS BOOK WILL BE PRESENTED TO EVERY ADVANCE PAYING SUBSCRIBER TO THE FAYETTEVILLE OBSERVER FOR ONE YEAR.

This is the choicest premium ever given to newspaper subscribers—something of real and practical value. The ladies will be delighted with it. If your neighbor don't take the *Observer*, tell him of this offer. They all want the paper and book. You get the old *Observer* and a capital, practical, useful book of 160 pages, for the price of the former.

Now is your opportunity. This unprecedented offer will expire in a few weeks.

The Detroit *Free Press* says that kissing the baby may result in deforming its nose and bringing on near-sightedness. The safest plan is not to kiss a baby, of the female persuasion, until it attains the age of sixteen years. The carilage of the nose is much stronger then; and besides, the kisses taste much better—we've been told.

Those people who imagine that the Howard Association of the South are named after Gen. Howard should remember that if such was the case help would be 500 miles in rear of the disease.

County Officers.

N. P. Carter, County Judge.
A. S. Fulton, Clerk Chancery Court.
W. C. Morgan, do Circuit do.
T. D. Boyce, do Probate do.
R. P. Holland, Sheriff.
G. W. Counts, W. A. Millard, W. A. Cunningham, Deputy-Sheriffs.
Henry Henderson, Trustee.
B. S. Thompson, Register.
J. H. C. Duff, County-Surveyor.
T. J. Rivers, Sup't of Public Schools.
M. M. Dunn, Coroner.
N. O. Wallace, Ranger.